

will the Japanese
orchestra

MCGILL DAILY

march down
university street?

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3 cents

REDMEN SET FOR BLUES

Molson Stadium will shake on its foundations tomorrow afternoon at 2 pm when the football Redmen and the University of Toronto Blues lock horns in the 1964 OQAA league opener. The Redmen, third place finishers in the four team Senior Intercollegiate circuit last season, will be vying for their first opening game victory in something like twenty years.

For most McGillians, tomorrow's game will be their first look at the '64 edition of the Big Red Team. What they should see will be a greatly improved offence, especially along the line, and much more passing. In addition, the new "I" offence will be revealed.

Coach Bill Bewley has two strong-armed throwers in starting quarterback Glen St. John and back-up Rich Ripstein. Both boys went to the air frequently in the team's two exhibition wins against Loyola and the University of Ottawa. Bewley feels that St. John is the one to provide the strong leadership, so necessary for a potent offence.

On defence, the team is big again across the line, but the linebackers and defensive

halves appear to be the big "ifs". With the loss of all-star John Costaregni due to ineligibility, and dependable Gavin Wyllie, out with knee trouble, the Redmen have been forced to throw less experienced men

by DAVE McFARLANE
Sports Editor

into action. The left corner is Ron Barrie, an Indian for the greater portion of last season, while another former Indian, Bob Berke will man the right corner post. Veteran Ray Lawson will be responsible for interior linebacking duties.

The defensive halfbacks who will start are sophomores Ian Bruce and Mike Peterson, rookie Marty Wanger, and veteran

Wade Kenny. However, Bewley could insert Don Taylor and Eric Walter into the defensive backfield if the Blues start connecting through the air.

Several other Redmen are definitely slated for two-way action due to the team's lack of depth on defence. Feidler will see action at offensive tackle and defensive end; Pete Howlett at fullback and defensive end and Jim Burke at offensive guard and defensive tackle.

Due to a shoulder separation sustained in Ottawa two weeks ago, highly rated George Poirier might only see limited action in the offensive backfield. His place will be taken by Ian Bruce, making another two-way man.

Meet the Toronto train

— see page 9

Dance Saturday away

— see page 3

Japanese Concert

— see page 3



Never on Sunday... only on Saturday is it possible to see the newly chosen cheerleaderettes in action. From left to right are Mari-Pat O'Boyle, Shaun O'Brien, Gilda Stern, Gail Corneil, Perri Bardi, Jill Frayne, and Gail Horton.

"Supplement" hits high schools

Montreal high school students will get their first detailed look at McGill today through a special edition of the Daily. This newspaper, published in conjunction with the Education Committee of the Students' Society, distributes a special Supplement today to 56 high schools on the island with a circulation of 11,500 students.

The aims of the Supplement are threefold: to help "sell" the concept of university to high school students; to achieve closer relations between high school and college students; and to familiarize high school students with life at McGill. This is an attempt to stimulate the student's imagination and to ease his eventual orientation problems at McGill.

The Supplement, edited by Victor Rabinovitch, will appear five times throughout the year and will be similar in format to the regular Daily. Each edition will highlight the major events of the following month; in addition, it will contain feature articles on various topics of interest to the student.

Today's Supplement stresses students' activities with special feature articles included in the eight-page layout. Freshmen activities, the "Blitz", the Blood Drive, and a football preview are documented, while articles about Bill 60, the voting age, and Expo '67 round out the paper.

The sample high school student will get an informative look at school life at McGill and, it is hoped, will be able to adjust easily, if and when he gets here, as he is fully informed as to its operation. It is the editors' wish that the student, familiar with the school, will be able to enjoy his first bewildering year at McGill.

No-o-o! It's Superman



Clark Kent has assumed a new secret identity! That great Kryptonian Marvel now resides in the Union. As his first superfeat, 'Bill Burner' of the Maintenance Staff went flying through the sky carrying a full-scale mock-up of the New Union. Welcome... oh protector of the Good.

Campus padre says sex OK

OTTAWA (CUP) — A chaplain at Carleton University has opened the door on frank sexual discussion by suggesting that premarital sexual relations are justifiable if they contribute to personal growth.

Writing in The Carleton, student newspaper at Carleton University, Rev. Gerald W. Paul, representing the Anglican, Presbyterian and United churches on campus, said last week "only if we are certain the sexual relationship will help more than harm our partner in the long run as well as in the immediate encounter, are we justified in premarital sex."

Mr. Paul said the reasonable student today doesn't think the church is justified in relating the commandments prohibiting adultery to a bit of sex engaged in by two unmarried students.

He says students today generally adopt one of two attitudes towards premarital sex. Some cling to the absolute law against sex outside marriage. Others, who cannot embrace a sex ethic that does not take account of the social, psychological and religious insights of post-Victorian thinkers, adopt a relative approach to sex activities.

Members of the second group might say, "If two people want to go to bed together, what's wrong with that? Everyone has his own life to live." With all the tensions of university life, students should be free to seek a release wherever they can find it.

According to Mr. Paul, the "open door" policy towards sex is not new, but with modern methods of contraception, students today have less to fear than did their parents.

Instead of an "outmoded" and "irrelevant" absolute standard supported by God, or a relative ethic that ignores God, Mr. Paul suggested an ethic of love; "unless we are certain that sexual union will contribute to the growth of the other person, we should leave it alone."

Quoting an essay called 'Chastity' by Glen Cavaliero, he said "Sexual experience is a great healer, but unrelated to the rest of life, unrelated to personal commitment, it can ravage and destroy."

Following publication of Mr. Paul's remarks, spokesmen of the three churches he represents said they would investigate the matter.

Grads rally on Sunday

On Sunday, the McGill University Post-Graduate Students' Society will sponsor a car rally designated specifically for the novice driver.

Leaving at 9 am on the south side of Mercier Bridge and finishing 100 miles later with a picnic lunch at Mont St. Hilaire, the rally will be open to crews of at least two and will cover both hard and loose surface roads.

Entrance fees for post-graduates will

be 50¢ per car, and anyone else may enter for one dollar. Suggested equipment is minimal, so anyone interested in the rally may enter.

Scoring, for the prizes of trophies and dashboard plaques, will be based on each car's ability to maintain a steady, predetermined speed between check points, and the last speed run will take the drivers right into the Gault Estate itself where the group will eat lunch.

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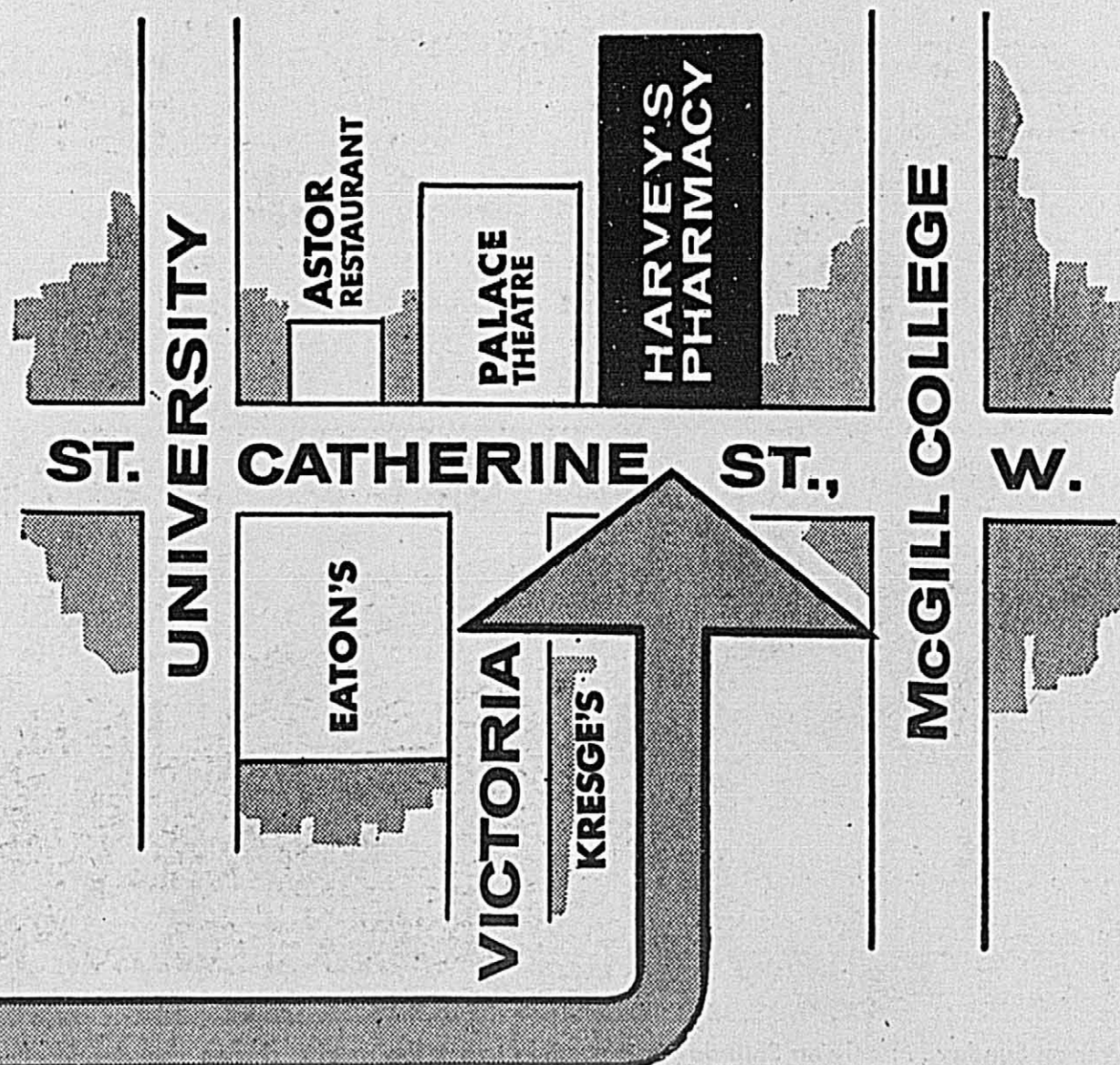
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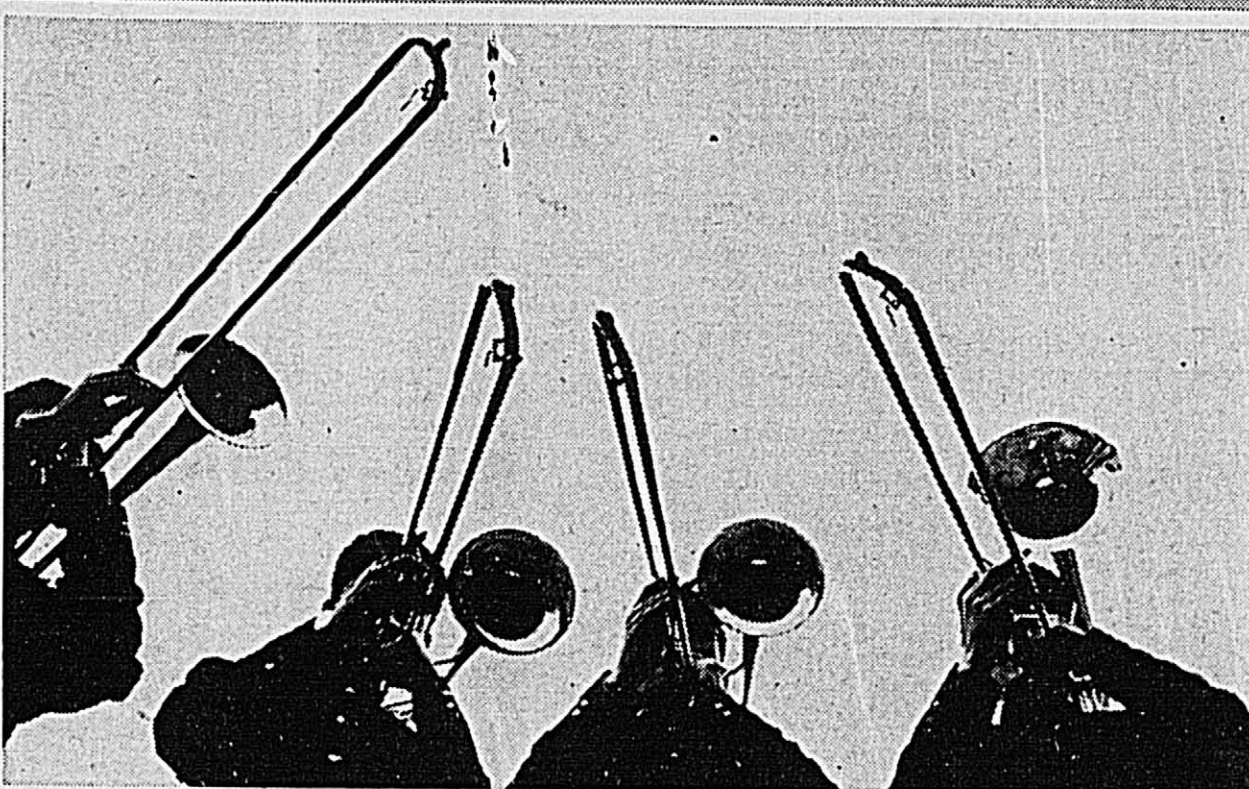
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Japanese student orchestra

The Kwansei Gakuin University Symphony Band, on tour from Japan, will visit the McGill Campus tomorrow and Sunday. McGill will be the first leg of their good-will tour across Canada.

A concert is scheduled for McGill students and the general public in Redpath Hall on Sunday, at 4 pm. There will be no admission charge for the concert, but there will be a silver collection at the door. The proceeds will go to the Red Feather "Blitz" Campaign Com-

mittee, who, along with the Students' Society, is sponsoring the concert.

Following the concert, there will be a reception in the Students' Union Lounge at 6 pm.

The other activities of the Band in Montreal will be focused on getting acquainted with campus life at McGill. On Saturday, the visitors will be taken on a guided tour of the campus by the Scarlet Key. After lunch at Bishop Mountain Hall, they will attend the football game.

Students who wish to meet some of the members of the Band, are invited to visit them at the Queen's Hotel on Saturday and Sunday evening after 8 pm.

The 82 members of the Band are all full-time students at K.G.U., and all, including the conductor, are amateurs. Each member has contributed a large share of his own expenses for the trip.

The tour was made possible by special arrangement with the Canadian Embassy in Tokyo, and with Air Canada.

Weekend dances

Slave auction

The Union Board of Managers is sponsoring a Slave Auction and Dance in the Union Ballroom after the game tomorrow.

Football players, cheerleaders and majorettes can be purchased at wholesale prices in the ballroom after the game with the Varsity Blues.

These treasures can only be acquired with Orange Moose Money which can be found at strategic points on campus.

A new format will be introduced at this first of the postgame dances. Women will be admitted free of charge; men, for 50 cents. The same ruling applies to students of visiting Universities.

Victory dance

In honour of McGill's forthcoming victory, a McGill-Toronto Football Dance will be held at Bishop Mountain Hall tomorrow night at 9 pm.

The dance will last until 1 am, with entertainment provided by The Hounds. Tickets will be sold at the door for \$1.

The Hounds are well known performers at campus dances. They entertained up north at Winter Carnival last year, and provided music for last week's Welcome Back dance.

Beer and soft-drinks will be sold.

Come ye angry young men

"The root of all evil in North American society is the drip-dry shirt." "Give me ten men, who are stout-hearted men, and I'll wager that one of them wears polka-dotted shorts!" "So what if the French-Canadian extremists want to separate — give them Prince Edward Island and let them go." "Why, why must there be so much happiness in the Valley?"

Hear these and many other vital questions discussed at the "Speakers' Forum" beginning today, on the lower campus, near the Three Bares, from 1-2 pm. Jointly sponsored by the Debating Union and the A.S.U.S. this unique forum will present two speakers this Friday, and two speakers the following Monday and Wednesday, from 1-2 pm.

The speakers, following in the great tradition of soap-box speech-making begun at Hyde Park will be invited to chug three pints of ale at the Mansfield before mounting the soap-box.

It is hoped that this institution, so necessary for the formation of competent demagogues, will become traditional, thereby reviving the soap-box oratory which flourished on this campus for many years. It is emphasized that no soap-box is complete without hecklers, so all students are invited to sit on the grass, lazily eating their lunches and vigorously heckling, today from 1-2 pm.

"SWEET SUBSTITUTE" PRODUCED; SEQUEL TO "BITTER ASH"

VANCOUVER (CUP) — Larry Kent, the University of British Columbia film maker whose first movie, *Bitter Ash*, last year ruffled censors across the country, has a second film on the way.

Called *Sweet Substitute*, it portrays a boy contemplating a university career and his attempts to reconcile his sexual appetite with moral and social pressures.

Producer-director Kent, who candidly admits he makes movies about sex because sex interests him, says the principal in *Sweet Substitute* could be any adolescent boy — "a virgin acting as if he isn't one, hungry for sex but scared as hell of it."

In other words, "he could be 90 per cent of all first and se-

cond year university students", he added.

The film is scheduled to make its debut at UBC October 5. It will come before the provincial

censor first and if approved will be open to the public. If not, it will be open only to students.

Last year, Kent's first film, *Bitter Ash*, which included a sec-

ne showing a nude couple in the act of sexual intercourse was temporarily banned at UBC.

Kent spent a summer and \$10,000 producing *Sweet Substitute*. A troupe of forty, 20 of them actors — mostly UBC students — worked on the film during the summer at various locations around Vancouver.

Kent adopted a novel method for producing the film's dialogue. Using his blocked out plot, the actors improvised their own dialogue in a series of taped rehearsals. The tapes were edited and in the finished product, the actors are speaking their own words and thoughts.

Following its week long UBC opening, Kent plans to show the film across Canada. In addition, it may appear in the Vancouver Film Festival.

official

Today is the last day to have official Quebec Social Allowance forms stamped at the Registrar's Office, 9 am until noon.

Students with claim checks numbering between 3107 to 12042 must collect their ID cards at Dawson Hall today from 9 am to 5 pm.

Lectures in all Faculties except Dentistry and Medicine will be cancelled October 6 from 3 to 6 pm due to Fall Convocation.

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STAFF FOR THIS ISSUE
In one endless, swarming, milling mass they descended, lower and lower into the bottomless bowels of the Old Union. Anacleto Pellegrini, Tom Vanka, Robin Wright, Barry so-Nebish, Lowena Hymnitch Ann Rodriguez, Penny Cark, Ivan Lerner, Peter Altmutter, Pete Subers, Elly Alboim, Carol-ann Rearden, Aaron Ryn, Teddy Caroline, Howie Katz, Sue McPhail, Judith Perry, Rhona Katz, Carole Sichel, Ery Shulman, Sue Horshible, and Laiq. And sports with Jim, George (Lesk), Mac, Sharon, Esh, And poor tubercular Victor, carried on by the horde.

The high school Daily

Today some 10,000 high school students in Montreal will receive their first copy of the McGill Daily High School Supplement. Published jointly by the Daily and the Education Committee, the Supplement is the result of a force that has re-oriented Quebec and altered its standard of values during the last few years.

In the last five years, education has become the most important single item on the government's list of priorities. In the last two or three years, university students have begun to re-evaluate their role, to realize their own ability to shape events and make decisions for Quebec. The Supplement is intended to extend this awareness to the

high schools, by outlining the privileges and responsibilities of student life at McGill.

Although we hope to "sell" the idea of higher education in general, the paper is not an advertisement for McGill or for Quebec universities. We draw our examples from McGill because it is what we know best, and because it is, to some extent, representative of most universities. We discuss education in Quebec because here advances similar to those in other underdeveloped countries have been crammed into an amazingly short space of time. Watching the process of educational reform in Quebec is like using photographic trickery to watch a rose bloom in five minutes.

If the Supplement makes high school students aware of its origins and of the educational revolution now in progress in

Quebec, it will have succeeded in its aims. If it also helps to persuade them to attend university, and eases their eventual orientation problems, it will have been more than successful.

Football's debut

Tomorrow afternoon the Redmen kick off the football season against the Toronto Varsity Blues with the hope that in the ensuing six games they may bring credit to the University and to their many loyal supporters. Towards this end they have been in training for a full month, sacrificing much of their leisure time to bring into being as good a team as they know how.

They have done their best, and from all indications it appears that their labours will bear fruit. Now it only remains for the student body to show its appreciation and support.

McGill students are very fortunate in that they attend one of the few universities where admission to athletic events is without charge. There are many reasons (if you need one) for attending tomorrow's game, not the least of which is the well known fact among athletes that a large crowd somehow spurs them on to greater accomplishments than if they were playing before an empty house.

So take advantage of the fine Fall weather and don those Red and White sweaters. Show the Redmen, and also the Varsity Blues, who is bent on victory.

Our Man in Boston:

VISIT TO A GOLDWATER RALLY

Barry Goldwater came to Boston last week. The outspoken, underdog Republican candidate for the Presidency arrived and departed from the hometown of John Fitzgerald Kennedy in less than 24 hours, leaving the city as the New York Times put it "about the way he found it." But for a Canadian seeing an American political campaign at first hand for the first time, the Arizona Senator's visit was an interesting event indeed.

The highlight of Goldwater's whole swing through Massachusetts was an evening rally held in Fenway Park, home of the Boston Red Sox. Hours before the rally was to get under way officially, the whole area around the Park resembled Coney Island (or Belmont Park) on a warm Saturday in July. One could not go within two blocks of Fenway without being harassed by at least half a dozen peddlers selling "Au H²O '64" or "Barry for President" buttons. Some of the more enterprising were pushing Goldwater balloons, pens, postcards, and even "natural color portraits of our next President — only \$4.95."

But this was only the beginning, I soon realized. It seems that nothing brings out the cranks and men-with-a-cause like an election campaign, especially a Presidential one, in the States. Out — in addition to the peddlers — were Negro nuns collecting for a missionary school in Africa; seedy-looking types handing out literature for the Social Labour Party ("no affiliation whatsoever with the

Communist or any other Socialist Party" according to one of their pamphlets), and a group of men in khaki shouting through a portable p.a. for donations to "buy guns to get rid of Castro and make

by Paul Bannerman

Mr. Bannerman, a former Station Manager of Radio McGill, graduated from McGill last spring with an honours degree in economics. He is now studying for a master's degree at the Harvard Business School.

Cuba free again". For better or worse, nobody going to hear Goldwater seemed particularly interested in freeing Cuba, as was evidenced by the increasingly anxious pleas of the "freedom fighter" using the loudspeaker.

After surviving the entrepreneurs lining the sidewalk, one had only to get through the Negroes picketing for civil rights, the socialists picketing for their principles, the ban-the-bombers picketing for peace, and the Democrats picketing for Johnson, to arrive at the tickets office and pay the \$1. admission.

I found a seat about twenty minutes before the scheduled start of the rally. Altogether about 20,000 people had paid to come and hear "the darling of the conservatives" and, as was soon obvious, there were not many Democrats in the audience.

A temporary stage had been set up over what is ordinarily second base in Fenway. Large sign boards stood in the outfield, bearing huge pictures of Senator Goldwater, and assorted slogans:

"Barry Goldwater will make a GREAT President" and "In Your Heart You Know He's Right".

Dozens of pretty teen-age girls dressed in red, white, and blue majorette uniforms, ran about leading choruses, waving red, white, and blue ribbons, and generally looking rather foolish. Hundreds of people in the audience had brought along posters bearing pictures of the Senator.

Finally, THE moment arrived. About three minutes before the announced starting time (perennially late Canadian politicians might take note) the candidate entered the stadium in a huge black Cadillac limousine, accompanied by several police cars with lights flashing, and about a dozen policemen on roaring motorcycles. The Senator's car, preceded and followed by several other empty limousines (put in apparently for the sake of appearance) slowly circled the playing field, and then approached the stage. It took the candidate five minutes to make his way through the crowds and get up on the stage.

After what seemed like an endless procession of introductory speeches (including one by Miss America of 1948 who compared winning the Presidency to being crowned Miss America), most of which likened Goldwater to Abraham Lincoln, the candidate walked to the microphones, and in reply to the roars of "We Want Barry", said very quietly: "You've Got Him".

After that, every other remark made by Senator Gold-



water brought forth huge roars of approval from the partisan audience, although the speech — mainly concerned with the great increase in crime on the streets of America since the Democrats took over the White House — was fairly flat. Goldwater spent the first five minutes saying something nice about every Republican running for office in Massachusetts (in spite of the fact that several had repudiated him and refused to attend the rally). The rest of the speech was either digs at Johnson ("the on-

ly presidential candidate in our history who has refused to discuss the issues with voters"), or pleas for support to restore "freedom" to Americans. The audience, nevertheless, loved it, and gave him a roaring ovation.

Early the next morning, the Senator's chartered Boeing 727 left Boston for other New England stops. According to aides, Mr. Goldwater was "too tired" to talk about his visit to Boston, but there was no doubt on one matter: there are certainly Goldwaterites even in Massachusetts.

Annexation to the United States

As French Canadian Students demonstrate their nationalism and political beliefs quite vociferously, English Canadian Students are accused of being apathetic, if not apolitical.

What does the English speaking Canadian student — the McGill undergraduate — think of his country? Is he willing to continue the struggle against geography and economics to keep Canada independent of her giant neighbour to the South?

Two hundred students, a proportionate random sample of the Canadian undergraduates at McGill, were interviewed and were asked the following two questions: 1) Would you be in favour of, or opposed to, complete political economic union between Canada and the U.S.A.? 2) What do you think the advantages (or disadvantages) to you personally and to Canada as a nation if this union occurred?

TABLE I

Canadian-American union

IN FAVOUR	OPPOSED	UNDECIDED	TOTAL
20%	77%	3%	100%
(39)	(155)	(6)	(200)

Table I shows the general results of the students' opinions. Twenty percent favour union with the U.S. This figure corresponds exactly with a similar Maclean's magazine's survey (June 6, 1964). Nationally, 20% of those with college education favour union. (This is well below the 29% average for the entire population.)

Table II reveals that females favour union to a slightly greater degree than do males. Eleven percent more males than females oppose union (81%-70%).

As Table III shows, an attempt was made to determine which generations were more nationalistic, that is more strongly opposing union. Two hypotheses came to mind: 1) New Canadians — first generation Canadians — would more strongly oppose union, in espousing their new home. 2) Older generation Canadians would display their desire to maintain their heritage and cultural traditions, by opposing union.

The first of these two hypotheses was disproved. The first three generations showed roughly the same percentage of students favouring union. The statistics strongly support the second hypothesis. The fourth generation students and, even more so, the fifth and older generations show a dramatic drop in those supporting union with the U.S.A. Not a single student in the "fifth and over generation" category favoured union.

A breakdown of faculties revealed one interesting statistic: 100% of Commerce students opposed union. All other faculties were close to the 20% mean.

SAMPLING OF OPINION

Those in favour of union felt that Canada had no identity and so could lose none in joining the U.S.A. A typical remark was: "There is no such thing as a Canadian culture or a Canadian identity. We speak the same language, read the same magazines, watch the same T.V. The very defence of our country depends on the U.S. Why then shouldn't we become 100% Americans, instead of remaining pseudo-Americans?"

Political Leadership (or the lack of it) was paramount in the thought of these two students: "If we were American, we would have a say in the election of people who are going to influence our life considerably." "The people who lead Canada aren't qualified to do the job. We don't have enough good leaders — the U.S. does... The U.S. discusses 'meaningful issues'; Canadians discuss the date of the next election."

by Marvin E. Goldberg

Interviewers: Anita Borenstein, Cathy McGrath, Carole Poltras, Marjorie Sharp, Dagmar Siroky

The differences Canadians have ethnically and regionally were used to both support and attack union. To some at least the Melting Pot phenomenon is attractive. A first year Artsman said: "Union would help unite Canada into one cultural unit by eliminating all local regionalisms. We would all be merged in the one great American Culture. There are no 'French-Americans' or 'Hungarian-Americans'. Everyone is simply 'American'."

To most students favouring union, Canada's economic development would benefit considerably: "The increase in markets and capital resulting from economic union would lead to a much more rapid economic development of Canada. Canada has vast resources which could be developed had we the Americans' money and the progressive spirit of enterprise they have."

The American international power repelled most students but did attract a few such as the coed voicing this opinion: "Union would give Canada a part of the Americans' nuclear superiority — We would be armed and protected better as a part of the U.S. rather than as a neighbour."

TABLE II

Comparison by sex

	IN FAVOUR	OPPOSED	UNDECIDED	TOTAL
MALE	17%	81%	2%	(134)
FEMALE	24%	70%	6%	(66)

Other reasons given to support union were lower consumer prices. "We could have all we wanted at lower prices" and the prospect of more money to "support scientific research in Canada."

CANADIAN BEER IS BETTER

The vast majority of students who opposed union mentioned reasons ranging from the simple fear of the draft, to the abstract question of loss of national character and identity.

Students opposing union felt there was a Canadian identity which was at stake. A sophomore put it this way: "Canada has struggled long and hard to achieve national identity and autonomy, all of which would disintegrate in the face of a political union with the U.S." Said a coed: "It would be giving up too easily. If we put a little into it we can really make something out of our country... Let's unite Canada before thinking of uniting Canada with the 'States'."

When students mentioned international politics it was usually to indicate they were happy with Canada's position and wouldn't like it changed. Said a sophomore:

"Union would only make Canada a target area. Canada is a young country and can't afford to get involved in world politics." From a Junior: "The U.S. has always had an aggressive image while Canadians have always been a well accepted people. Independent, Canada could take the lead in the drive for peace."

Several students viewed American internal politics with disfavour: "The American political movements are not varied enough... The U.S. is the home of conservatism. It is impossible for a left wing movement to have any control or influence in the U.S. In Canada this is definitely possible as for example in Saskatchewan."

A fourth year engineer voiced a common comment: "I don't want any part of a political system in which a Goldwater can be a chief political figure; a system which fosters racial conflict."

TABLE III

Comparison by generation

GENERATION CANADIAN	IN FAVOUR	OPPOSED	UNDECIDED	TOTAL
FIRST	20%	73%	7%	(59)
SECOND	23	75	2	(47)
THIRD	23	77	0	(57)
FOURTH	13	83	4	(23)
FIFTH & over	0	100	0	(23)

While economic advantages were often cited as the chief benefit to be had from union, students saw economic disadvantages as well: "The Americans would exploit us even more under the guise of union. The U.S. has monopolized Canadian industry enough already." Other possible harmful results were feared: "Canadian business couldn't survive the competition. Business in general would move south." "The subsidiaries of American firms would lose their reason for existing and would close up. The result of union would be economic chaos."

A few students (though not very many) feared what would happen to the French-Canadian minority. One likened the possible situation of the French-Canadian to the present plight of the American Negroes. "Quebec's unique biculturalism would disappear almost immediately," said a Freshman.

The 20% favouring union is a good deal less than the 33% favouring union in Quebec generally (Maclean's June 6, 1964).

Any general conclusion must be drawn by the reader. The 20% will appear high or low depending upon his personal opinions. However, when one-fifth of what is called the country's future leaders seek to opt out of the country, it would appear necessary for today's leaders to start conveying some sense of a national identity and a national purpose to today's youth.

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It's getting cold again

With the football season almost upon us, and in keeping with tradition and the generally rah-rah tone of the upcoming weekend, Newsfeatures Department offers a few words of advice to potential fans.

It has become customary in recent seasons for the Barnes guards to frisk male students entering Molson Stadium for certain forms of forbidden liquid refreshment. In turn, the deception of said guards has become an established campus tradition.

Now, far be it from the Daily to condone either of these practices. But it should not shock anyone aware of the value of a college education to discover that a fair amount of contraband does manage to ooze through the turnstiles.

Last year the Scarlet Key initiated a policy — dangerous to life, limb,

and dignity — of attempting to part every visible drink and drinker in the Stadium. They emerged victorious but subdued at the end of the season, after carrying out missions a kamikaze might draw the line at.

This year, practical considerations would indicate that the Key will confine its attentions to the rowdier and more aggressive elements in the stands. These will certainly be dealt with, and dealt with severely, with SEC fines ranging up to twenty-five dollars. But the quiet, orderly fan will probably be allowed to sit in relative security, if not in all innocence.

HOW TO GROW RED AND WHITE TOILET PAPER and other stories

In case you didn't recognize the implication in approximately half the other articles in today's Daily, there is a football game scheduled for tomorrow afternoon. This Department cannot inform you as to the identity or exact numbers of the participating teams, but usually reliable sources have it that it is a very important game, perhaps the most important so far this season.

Few newcomers to McGill — or anybody else, in fact — know and respect the primary role McGill played in the development of the game as it is played today. In the last century, most American and British colleges played a brand of rugby under what we now know as "soccer" rules. Isolated from traditions and snowbound for half the year, Canadian schools developed a distinctive brand of "rugby football".

In 1874, McGill University invited Harvard College, Cambridge, to come to Montreal for a "football" game. The teams squared off on what is now the Lower Campus or the basement of the Otto Maass Chemistry Building.

AMAZED

The McGill team amazed, not to say infuriated, their American counterparts by not only kicking the ball, but running with it and throwing it. The score was, needless to say, astronomical. So was the immediate demand for Canadian imports.

The Harvard team demanded and received a return match at Cambridge. This time, they too played by Canadian rules, and "American" football was born.

After what we can only surmise was another disastrous defeat, the Americans withdrew from international competition, and satisfied themselves with an annual contest with Yale, another New England college.

FINALLY

In commemoration of this signal victory, the McGill Football Society was presented with the University's colours by the Principal and Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Dawson. The team has since worn red and white uniforms and been known as the Red-men, and patriotic fans have thrown red and white toilet paper. At football games.

The object is to throw the paper in such a trajectory that it unrolls completely before striking the field. Students can make red and white toilet paper by dipping white rolls vertically into a shallow pan of red ink, or red rolls into a shallow pan of white ink.

Charles Shannon

McGILL

'64 TEAM



PETER HOWLETT



DICK FEIDLER



BRIAN MARSHALL



RAY LAWSON



GRAEME STRATHDEE



GLEN ST. JOHN



ECKHARDT FERDINANDI



DON TAYLOR



IRV NARVEY

A word from the coach...

Tomorrow's league opener against the University of Toronto Blues will, at long last, give our coaching staff some indication of the Redmen's chances for success this season. We are definitely improved in our offensive backfield with the return of halfback Eric Walter, and the welcome addition of Loyola's star halfback, George Poirier.

Our offensive line is much bigger and stronger than in 1963 with rookie centre Mike Bunting and end Jim Dickie adding the

extra beef. Tackle Jim Burke (St. Francis Xavier) and all-star tackle Dick Feidler team well to give us good solid strength up front.

Our defensive team is big up front and should be adequate, but the real test on Saturday is on our defensive backs and linebackers. They could hold the key to our success or failure. I have seen enough in practice to know that they can do the job, and do it well.

Bill Bewley.

Name	Position
BARRIE, Ron	Linebacker
BERKE, Bob	Linebacker
BRUCE, Ian	Halfback
BRYANT, Chris	Halfback
BUNTING, Mike	Center
BURKE, Jim	Guard
DELAGRAVE, Yves	Halfback
DICKIE, Jim	End
FEIDLER, Dick	Tackle
FERDINANDI, Eckhardt	End
FLORIAN, Nick	Tackle
HART, RICK	Center
HOWLETT, Peter	Fullback
JENNER, Al	Tackle
KENNY, Wade	Halfback
LAW, Dave	Guard
LAWSON, Ray	Tackle
MAPP, Chris	Halfback
MARSHALL, Brian	Guard
MONTEITH, Bryan	Tackle
NARVEY, Irv	Tackle
ORLANDO, Murray	Center
PETERSON, Mike	Halfback
PILGRIM, Brian	Halfback
POIRIER, George	Halfback
RIPSTEIN, Rich	Quarterback
RIPTON, Reg	Guard
STERNTHAL, Brian	Fullback
ST. JOHN, Glen	Quarterback
STRATHDEE, Graeme	Halfback
TAYLOR, Don	End
THOMPSON, Barry	Fullback
TUCKER, Dick	Guard
WALTER, Eric	Halfback
WALTHO, Gary	Guard
WENGER, Martin	Halfback



RON BARRIE



ERIC WALTER



CHRIS BRYANT



RICK HART

TOM MORAN
Backfield Coach

YVES DELAGRAVE



DICK TUCKER



DAVE LAW



MARTIN WENGER

BILL BEWLEY
Head Coach

Earl
Sports

A Brechtian Pilgrimage

"In the city of A they asked me to dine; but in the city of B they asked me into the kitchen."

— Bertoldt Brecht (1898-1956)

Editor's Note:

Last summer Mr. Kelder visited the Berliner Ensemble in East Berlin and played there his score for Brecht's "The Caucasian Chalk Circle". The following is an account of his impressions and the events leading up to his visit. This is the first of two installments.

When one first crosses from West to East Berlin at the one and well-known "Checkpoint Charlie", one is struck by an unexpected phenomenon. It is the complete similarity of climates. As it was naturally a perfect summer day in the West again, "our" weathermen had predicted for the East snow-flurries followed by freezing rain.

Yet the sun never stopped smiling; the clouds never gathered to roll. The bus-fare was half as expensive but the wait was three times as long. Both sides disqualified on the basis that arguments on different premises can never be resolved...

My impression is that East Berlin is no Shavian Shangri-La, and that West Berlin is being gobbled up by the Americanization of the Western world, and now looks like any Mid-West boomtown.

On Chaussee-Strasse, one of the main streets of East Berlin, I got off my bus. Here, partly obscured by an old wall, is the Huguenot cemetery, where, beneath the window of his last apartment, Brecht is buried. Here also, not far away, lies the grave of Hegel, who as the precursor of dialectical paradoxes and contradictions could not have wished a more appropriate bedfellow.

This Brechtian sense of paradox is carried on by his son, Stefan, who is an American citizen with a Harvard post-in Moyse Hall under Professor

graduate degree in philosophy. He is presently engaged in writing a thesis entitled "The Influence of Hegel on Modern French Philosophy".

The apartment overlooking the cemetery has now become the Brecht archive. On the floor below lives his widow, Helene Weigel, who, since 1949, carries the dual role of actress ("Mother Courage") and administrator of the Berliner Ensemble.

Carrying a guitar in one hand, and in the other a letter of introduction given to me by Stefan Brecht in Paris, I rang the doorbell of the old apartment building. The end of a long journey was now in sight.

The beginnings go back to February, 1962, when Frank Faragoh of the McGill English Department asked me to set to music the seven or so songs from the "Caucasian Chalk Circle". After reading the text, I suggested writing for solo voice, guitar, and chorus. He agreed. One song, considered too risqué for a university audience, was cut from the score.

On March 14, 15, and 16, the play with music was performed Faragoh's direction. The guitarist accompanying the songs was concealed behind the side curtains, unseen by the audience and unheard by many. Brecht, with his uncanny belief in the

interruption between song and drama, would have put him in full view of the audience. Not judged a huge success, the play was nevertheless acclaimed as one of the more notable productions of the year. More important was that, to many students, it presented a first glimpse of live Brechtian theatre.

New York, end of December, 1963, on a holiday trip.

At the urging of several friends, I take time off from the festive spirits to try and find a publisher for my score of the "Chalk Circle". At 1914 Broadway, I find one who is very interested in recording and publishing it; if only I can obtain authorization to do so from the Brecht Estate.

I discover the representative of the Brecht Estate is Bertha Case, at 42 West 53rd Street. I play her my score. She gives me a sympathetic hearing, and promises to send a copy of the music to Stefan Brecht in Paris for appraisal. Find out later he cannot read music...

Back in Montreal. Four months later I wrote her inquiring about my music. I learned that "The Brecht Estate moves slowly", and that she had received "neither a yea or a nay" from Stefan Brecht in connection with my score.

On May 30th, I wrote again, this time asking for his address, but was then "advised" to my dismay that "He has taken a house in the south of France, and will remain there until the middle of September."

On June 11, I took a plane to London.

— to be continued —

by Robert Kelder

Note: Those interested in more details about Brechtian theatre should turn to John Willet's "The Theatre of Bertoldt Brecht" or Martin Esslin's "Brecht: A Choice of Evils", both available in the Redpath Library.



BERTOLDT BRECHT



Swedish film-maker Ingmar Bergman is caught by the camera as he swivels in his canvas director's chair. The picture was taken on the set of a recent Bergman picture.

A Bergman anthology

Thanks to the repertory cinema at the Empire Theatre, we are all able to participate in an extensive look at the entire cycle of Ingmar Bergman's pictures.

Bergman is one of those unique cinematic figures who has proven to endure. Not only has he endured, but he has become a remarkable extant personality of the "personal" or distinctively "amateur" cinema. His oeuvre or total work is truly a unified collection, and as a result, the viewing of the collected repertoire, as presented at the Empire, bears an added significance.

The earlier films have a certain charm and freshness of vision, which is often the case with young and promising direction. Unyielding, they manage to corrupt our so very old eyes and hearts to provide a new life source, a tender invocation for us toward springtime. And even when the film may be poor, we cannot help but be refreshed.

Illit Interlude is one of these films. It deals with a young ballerina's memory of summer love. At moments the film achieves the lyrical pureness of Beaudelaire's poetry, fresh and vital, but still knowing. Too often however it retreats into sub-state, an impossible pathos. Another film like this in Bergman's early cinema is *Journey Into Darkness*. It concerns a musician who is blinded while performing an act of military altruism.

The film delicately traces his struggle to mould a new and meaningful life and follows the pattern of his growing love affair for a lovely young girl who, with interruption, prevents him from giving up his struggle. The sensitivity with which this relationship is portrayed proves to be a worthy cinematic moment.

Smiles of a Summer Night succeeds, *Dreams* does not. Its

comedy and characterization remain controlled, but where "Smiles" is able to create an intricate pattern, *Dreams* fails to compare. The film concerns the affairs of two women, a designer and her mannequin. However, it too much appears to be the concoction of a double fabliau which lacks any necessary connection.

Bergman's cinema itself is a repertory cinema, and resembles the theatrical company in its structure and performance more than the work of any other director in the Western cinema. He works with a group of actors who are continually reappearing. Analogous to this is the recurrent imagery that frames his films, thus achieving a body of art.

His middle group of films, to date, have proven the most important, as well as the richest. *The Virgin Spring*, *Wild Strawberries*, and *The Seventh Seal* are films mature in meaning and intelligent technically. These films that explore, in depth, man's relation to man, and his inherent disability to fulfill the moment of life. The concept of death recurs, perhaps most strikingly, in the prologue to *Wild Strawberries* in a moment of genius.

The knight's chessgame with Death in *The Seventh Seal* is terrifying and vivid. It provokes the dream of reality to assert itself or be lost. And for Bergman it is this very reality that is a religious experience. The duel is the heightened religious moment, the moment of ascension.

It is the last cycle of films that have proven disappointing. After his monstrous attempt at an almost Johnsonian comedy, *The Devil's Eye*, he embarked on the latest trilogy. Through *a Glass Darkly* was an extended experience, a journey into the realms of human belief. The film is tortured and agonizing, and because of this, it

almost succeeds in provoking us. However, both *The Silence* and *Winter Light* are disturbing for quite another reason. They indicate a creative mind that is enormously disturbed by these matters, but we are estranged.

These films do not cry out with the passion of Blake's prophecies, they fall apart as a result of their own internal failings. They cannot extend to us; they are isolated by their increased removal from cinema to abstract theatricality, that not only separates us from the artistic cinema, but also fails to provide satisfactory cinema art. B.N.

Temptation Thru the Ages!

MALE AND FEMALE SINCE ADAM AND EVE!!! TEMPTATION THRU THE AGES!!! Now playing at the Strand.

Temptation thru (sic) the ages is a big subject with an honourable history and your reviewer had been looking forward to a quiet evening of hard-core pornography at the Strand. The marquee, after all, had Adam and Eve peeking out over St. Catherine, completely in *The Newd* and grinding apples at each other in a kind of Genetic Tom Jones sequence. Fair enough, one thought. Starting with Adam and Eve as the Figleaf Follies, moving up the time-chart to Tales of Ancient Tail, then to a bit of feudal-doodling with stark glimpses of the serf-service system, possibly followed by Regency bosom-and-bustle and ending up with modern wife-trading in the best tradition of *One Man's Mate is Another Man's Passion*. Not too much to ask, one

thought, in view of the maquillage.

The melancholy fact has to be recorded that, once inside, the promised epic is nowhere to be seen. True, the first shots are closeups of the Bible, but at that point the pornography ends. What follows is a straight Italian B-movie, about gangsters in Buenos Aires, dubbed into the most improbable Brooklynese. It is also the worst bad movie one has ever seen.

The evening, however, was not an entire loss; what, for example, if one has opened a new field for the sociologists? The amazing thing is that the film is of a wildly improving nature, nothing less than a screen version of an evangelist's tract on the evils of filthy lucre and the dangers of Demon Drink.

What an extraordinary situation to develop! Here we have the lower orders being exposed to sermons, which must do them

imaginary muse up and down city streets.

On the other hand, Vigo the satirist peoples his adult sphere with principals who are dwarfs and teachers with tendencies to thievery or lechery. In the final sequence, the day of the great school "fête" (and, incidentally, the revolt) the bandstand is filled with the "adults", half of whom are puppets, hollow and thoroughly ridiculous. A brilliant touch.

In *L'Atalante*, Vigo again mingles the two elements of fantasy and reality, this time in a full-length film, which depicts the adventures of a newly-wedded couple travelling, with their crew, along the Seine in a barge. Attention is focused on the very ordinary qualities of the married pair and their daily life on the barge.

However Vigo never allows the film to drift into banality. He transforms detail which could so easily become monotonous into incomparable beauty. The first mate's room is filled with the fascinating bric-à-brac he has collected on his various travels and includes objects ranging from a human hand to a musical marionette show. The baroque aspects of this setting throw a new and significant light on the character of le Père Jules, provide a highly appropriate location for his wooing of the skipper's wife; and lift him far above the dingy world of the barge.

So, too, the passionate and jealous love which unites the married couple gives Vigo the opportunity to portray an intense dream world which borders on the surrealist. This he indulges in with exquisite sensitivity as the camera follows the young husband's half-mad flight into the sea in search of his wandering wife. Finally he discovers her floating in her bridal gown with hair streaming. The effect is unsurpassed.

If there is anything to say against *Zéro* or *L'Atalante* it is only that the camera technique used is a little rough; and that the slang of the children and the jargon of le Père Jules are at times slightly difficult to follow. But one of these is the fault of the era, the other of the viewer...

L. B.

some good, at the same time as the bright young meritocrats are exposed to impassioned pleas in favor of incest, free love, flagellation and the Dictatorship of the Orgasm. What will happen after a decade of this? One shudders.

Some may question the good faith of United Amusements in promising a cri-de-crotch and actually offering a homily; this, one would suggest, is a misunderstanding. The ploy is a legitimate one, starting with Barnum and now widely used by progressive vicars, under such eye-catchers as "Was God a teenager?" And, of course, in "Adam and Eve" the illusion is readily apparent once you've been taken. At least you know you've been fooled. In the art-cinema you're never quite sure.

One more thing: the cartoon at the Strand is called "Pickled Puss". This, too, is misleading.

P. D. M.

Bikel Evening — Ethnic Entertainment

How do you tell the difference between a folk singer and an actor? In most cases it's easy, but Theodore Bikel sneakily manages to plant a firm foot on each side of the dividing line. He's been acclaimed as a fine actor by drama critics, and even the most "ethnically"-oriented folk music connoisseurs are forced to admit that his songs are folk songs of the first generation — that is to say, they haven't been rescored for the American folk-parade, and rerhymed until you can't recognize the original refrain.

There is very little to complain of in Mr. Bikel's choice of material. During the concert on Sunday night (incidentally, his tenth in Montreal) he presented songs in Serbian, broad Scots, French, Greek, Yiddish, Hebrew, Russian, Hungarian, Spanish, and Rumanian. Oh, yes — English as well. In all cases his accent was near-perfect, and his gestures typical of each nationality. His guitar arrangements, occasionally supported by an inconspicuous double-bass, were usually tasteful and in context, if not brilliant. I was happy to see

that during a Spanish gypsy song, "Adios Granada", he made no pretensions to be a Montoya, but kept the guitar work suitably simple. Although occasionally he sings a little too low for comfort, his baritone voice is pleasant and adaptable. Bikel's musicality is basically lingual, and he shows it off to best advantage.

His stage manner is congenial and easy-going. He plunks himself down on a chair, cracks a few opening jokes, sings a few songs, and in the process turns Place des Arts into his living-room — a rather ambitious project for any solo performer. Everyone leans back in his chair, ready to be entertained.

And that's exactly what happens. Theo Bikel is a very entertaining gentleman. He gets a laugh from the so-very-Greek manner in which he rolls out a chorus of Drunga-Drunga-Drung. Hungarian never sounded so funny before. And Rumanian has you rolling in the aisles. But, somehow, as the joke wears on, it becomes evident that all Bikel has captured is the superficial flavour and exterior manifestations of each language, rather than its special sensitivity and feeling.

At one point in the evening he sat back and mused:

"You know, one of the things I like best about being a folk singer is the liberty I can take in jumping around from country to country. I'm never forced to remain in one place."

But that's exactly it, Mr. Bikel! You jump too much.

As an actor in a film or a play, Bikel has three hours of stage time in which to build up, before an audience, a fairly detailed and revealing portrait of the one character he happens to be playing at the time. But during a concert of two hours he undertakes a much more difficult project. He must assume a different rôle each time he leaps over another international border, which he does, invariably, after each song.

He barely has time to adjust to his new accent when, oops — the song is over — and he must be off for the next country. Luckily, during the song-to-song, country-to-country links, his polish is always there, and the running commentary of jokes and quips appears at once spontaneous and professional, although taste is lacking in places.

After a rush-survey of gypsies in different lands, he did an encore, impressively played simultaneously on guitar and harmonica (which he held in his mouth without the support of a holder). The concert closed with a fond farewell, during which Mr. Bikel explained that although he had just arrived in Montreal that afternoon, he was in a rush to make a midnight plane for Mexico.

Bon Voyage!

Erica Pomerance.



Art Blakey and His Jazz Messengers were featured this week at Le Jazz Hot. The engagement ends tonight.

Ici On Jazze

If one wishes to hear live jazz one has to spend a great deal of time in nightclubs. My problem is that I like jazz but I hate most nightclubs. To begin with, clubs featuring well-known artists are usually expensive. After paying a cover charge of \$2.00-\$3.00, you find that you are expected to buy something to drink. (An ounce of liquor will cost 90¢-\$1.25 or you can have a 25¢ bottle of beer — for 75¢).

Should you be so foolish as to finish your first drink, you are immediately pounced upon by a 287-pound waiter who informs you that you'll have to buy another because if you aren't imbibing you can't sit at the table. One is always amazed that the waiter noticed the empty glass, for a moment ago he was deep in conversation with one of his cohorts and they were talking loud enough to drown out an Elvin Jones drum solo.

In order to be heard over this din, the musicians rely on an amplifier — which usually manages to distort the music beyond recognition. This isn't all they have to contend with. They're crowded onto a stand which is just slightly larger than one of the tables in the Union Grill Room. You're quite sympathetic to the problem of lack of breathing space because you've been seated at a table for two — along with eight other couples.

Not all nightclubs are like this. One exception is Le Jazz Hot (the Casa Loma) on Ste. Catherine Street. It is not expensive: the cover charge is \$2.00, but Monday-Thursday and on Sunday matinees one can get in for \$1.00 by merely showing one's student card. The club is spacious but at the same time none of the tables are very far from the stand. The stand itself is large enough to hold one of Stan Kenton's armies, and the acoustics are good. The waiters are relatively courteous and efficient.

Le Jazz Hot has been operating for almost a year. During that time most of the "big names" in jazz, from The Dukes of Dixieland to Miles Davis, have played there. This week the club is presenting vocalist Carmen McRae as well as Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers. Next week there will be another double bill with The Village Stompers and Martial Solal's Trio. The line-up for the future includes, among others, Miles Davis, Horace Silver, Duke Ellington, The M.J.Q., Oscar Peterson and Gene Krupa.

If all this sounds like a plug for the club, it is, Le Jazz Hot is a good place to hear jazz and there aren't many such places left. Let us hope that it doesn't go the way of most clubs that have opened in Montreal.

J.A.M.

Leningrad Ballet — Technically Flawless

Raymonda (choreography by Marius Petipa, music by Alexander Glazounov) is a Romantic classical ballet. Romantic-classical is an apparent self-contradiction, yet for *Raymonda*, based on classical technique, but romantic of origin and setting, there is really no other applicable term.

My one argument against Leningrad production of *Raymonda* is that it fell hopelessly short of the main criteria which distinguish a great performance from a mediocre one. Maybe the blame should be placed on the prima ballerina, Irina Kolpakova.

In the traditional role of a princess in love with a prince and pursued by a villain, she must infuse her rôle with more than just a flawless technique, she must project her personality. Irina Kolpakova was at all times a charming and a beautiful princess, but she concentrated mainly on the mechanics of the dance and failed to radiate that mystical quality which makes greatness.

In analysing the Leningrad troupe, one must acknowledge that its members are excellent dancers. That the corps-de-ballet is a well-drilled and a fine group of dancers was particularly evident in the dream sequence where the corps moved effortlessly through the *tourjetés* as well as their "à terre" movements.

The plot was too weak to support the two and a half hour ballet. If the purpose of Romantic ballet as a theatre art is to blend together the classical technique in a dramatic representation, then the ballet *Raymonda* is too long and too ornamented with antiquated mime, meaningless crowd movement, and gimmicky props, to sustain the two in one harmonious composition. The dancing was of the finest quality, but the entire performance lacked the energy and style needed to salvage what amounts to a somewhat decadent classical ballet.

S. S. and J. D. F.

If the Schubert-Strauss-Brahms programme had been presented in another order, the audience might have responded more favourably; the Don Juan, with its powerful brass and novel percussive effects, is better suited for creating enthusiasm than the sweet sentiment of Schubert's Sixth Symphony.

When the rousing Prelude to *Die Meistersinger* began the Sunday matinee, it started whole programme off on the right foot. Incidentally, the hornist, who had been having trouble on Saturday, was greatly improved and lost all resemblance to Montreal's Ralph Massella.

Beethoven's Eighth Symphony was played at a slow tempo which allowed the play of voices between the cellos and violins to come through clearly, though the winds, which for a large part of the evening concert were muffled by the emphasis on the strings, could clearly be heard.

The high calibre of the flautist, and of all the wind musicians, was principally responsible for the success Krips made of the Hindemith Variations on a theme by Weber which followed.

This Hindemith was much more satisfying than the reading given here last October by Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony, because Krips maintained a division among the winds, brass, percussion, and strings that was lacking in Leinsdorf's interpretation.

A fiercely energetic performance of Stravinsky's *Fire Bird*, with a tremendous sudden, controlled climax, ended the concert. It was well worth persevering, despite the relative drabness of the first concert, to hear on Sunday the work of musicians at their best.

S. V. B.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1964

STRATFORD: VINTAGE '64

I suppose this year's Stratford Shakespearian Festival should have been called something like "The Ontario Bicultural Festival of Shakespeare, Wycherly and Molière at Stratford, (1964)." After all, Wycherly and Molière do not a Shakespearian Festival make. At least Molière didn't.

It is odd that Stratford should choose *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* to complement their normal fare of Shakespeare; Wycherly is new, of course, but English. The Molière was in English and shouldn't have been. To have played it in French would have been a real coup, socially, politically and theatrically; but alas, Stratford is a commercial venture, and the Stratford audience would not attend even English Molière until the play was advertised as "The Bourgeois Gentleman".

Wycherly's *The Country Wife* was a boon to the Festival, a fast, witty piece of stylization, with the underlying cynicism glaring brazenly through the Restoration frippery and hypocrisy. Acutely directed and played gloriously by Helen Burns, John Colicos, William Hutt and particularly by Mary Savidge, who rolled around on the floor a lot, (with Colicos) and sometimes slid on it.

Richard II and King Lear were the main attractions of the Festival, and in some measure its controversies. Was Hutt's Richard better than Colicos' Lear? Which one of them had the extra undefinable measure of truth that makes the tragedy and its protagonist particularly convincing and moving? One of them did, Hutt to my eyes; Colicos just missed it.

Stuart Burge's direction of Richard II was tremendously incisive, stripping off the layers of pomp and finery, exposing the naked characters, much in the manner of *The Country Wife*. Jackie Burroughs (the Queen), Leo Ciceri as Bolingbroke, gave notable performances and Hutt's Richard was masculine but very weak and so more affectingly human than the usual milkop Richard.

Having said I preferred Hutt to Colicos, I must still give honours to Lear for the unity of all actors of the play and the great strength of the cast, almost without exception. Michael Langham made the play unbelievably clear in text and motivation, and created an atmosphere of Viking barbarity and occasional humour, which made the plot completely credible and the tragedy very moving.

J.D.F.

PANORAMA

Published every Friday by the McGill Daily at 690 Sherbrooke Street West. Panorama is a weekly review of entertainment in Montreal, incorporating both criticism and features.

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STAFF FOR THIS ISSUE

penny, lowena, anacleto pellegrini, larry as always, not to mention georges monette, honourably mentionable for his devoted photo-editing, free films at the museum this wed pm: jean cocteau on african art, a sweet substitute for bitter ash: candy is dandy, but larry kent is no terry sothern.

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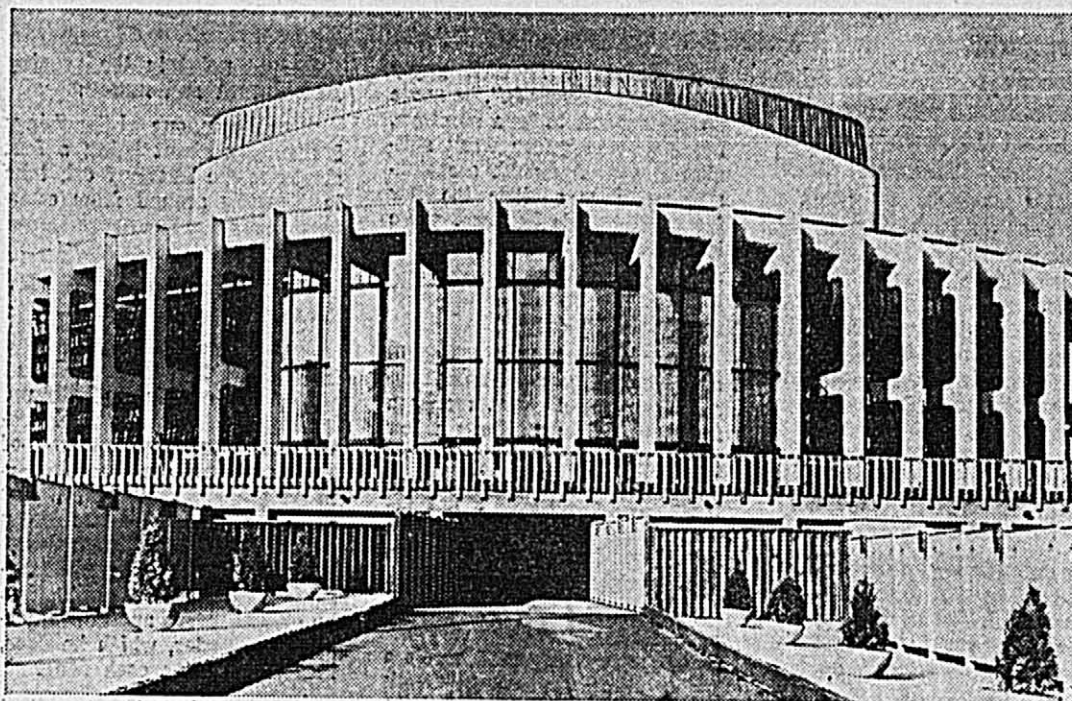
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5'10"	180	Montreal
5'10"	170	Senneville
5'9"	165	Montreal
6'4"	245	Don Mills
6'2"	235	East Walpole, Mass.
6'1"	190	Montreal
6'2"	195	Montreal
6'2"	210	Eire, Penna.
6'1"	190	Vancouver
6'3"	220	Montreal
6'1"	190	Cedarhurst, N.Y.
6'2"	210	Montreal
6'3"	225	Montreal
5'9"	155	Montreal
5'10"	190	Pointe Claire
6'	200	Montreal
5'11"	180	Montreal
6'	165	Baie D'Urfée
6'2"	200	Islington, Ont.
6'2"	220	Montreal
5'10"	200	Montreal
5'9"	160	Montreal
5'10"	160	Montreal
5'9"	185	Montreal
6'	165	Montreal
5'11"	205	Toronto
6'	200	Montreal
6'	185	Ottawa
5'8"	160	Montreal
6'1"	195	Lachine
5'10"	180	Toronto
5'11"	185	Rockland, Maryland
5'9"	170	Baie D'Urfée
5'10"	205	Montreal
5'6"	150	Montreal



CHRIS MAPP



BRIAN PILGRIM



WADE KENNY



IAN BRUCE



MIKE BUNTING



JIM DICKIE



AL JENNER



REG RIPTON

"JAMES MCGILL"

James McGill, James McGill,
Peacefully he slumbers there,
Blissful though we're on the tear,
James McGill, James McGill,
He's our father, well, yes, rather,
James McGill.

...and cheers for the games

"PUT ON YOUR RED AND WHITE SWEATER"

Put on your red and white sweater,
The dirtier the better,
And we'll open up another keg of beer;
For it's not for knowledge that we go to college
But to raise Hell all the year.



MURRAY ORLANDO

DAVE COPP
Assistant Coach

BRIAN STERNTHAL



JIM BURKE



BOB BERKE



NICK FLORIAN

VAUGHAN McVEY
Line Coach

MIKE PETERSON



GARY WALTHO



RICH RIPSTEIN



BRYAN MONTEITH

SUNDAY SCHOOL

He wished she would face him. The bitterness of her turned back thrust into him. He was tired, it had gone on and on; for an hour he had been propped against the high-chair, thumbing grapes into his mouth. Each grape popped in easily, deliberately for outwardly he was calm.

He tried to balance his mind, to get the thing done. He knew her, knew how easily it would be pushed aside, the problem, give way to the old quarrel. Things weren't getting done any more. They always got belted into insignificance, in favour of the old thing. He could please her now, he knew, by riding on her own logic, such as it was, and cater to the stream of her subconsciousness. Then she would not feel deserted, lost, but then neither would there be a decision made.

"You've got a choice," she said, "and we're going to decide it here and now, before you walk out that door!" The quick twitching of her arms, as she snapped the carrot tops from their stalks, flung them at her feet into the garbage bag, and pushed the stripped carrots into a pile on her right, betrayed her sureness.

"You're not giving me a good argument why they shouldn't go to Sunday School; and I don't mean your argument that it didn't work for you; that's your fault. Besides, why are you so concerned anyway? Just because you denied your religion and trample on my beliefs and everybody else's, you're not going to ruin the kids' life! They're going to Sunday School and they're going to Trinity!"

"It was good enough for us once..." He shuddered, knew how close it was to the old thing. "If only you'd tell me how it happened, how come it's such an horrible place all of a sudden, how come..."

"Anne, we've been through that a thousand times! It's not the point here that once I sang hymns, and went to church every Sunday and all that other crap..."

"Stop it!" She wheeled around, her fury brandished in the paring knife, which she now thumped again and again against her apron. "You keep those words to yourself! That happens to be my religion you're talking about and I happen to care for it still, even though you don't, and..."

"All right, so I chose the wrong word. It's just that we've exhausted all the others. And I'm tired, there aren't any more words left."

She turned back to the carrots, but not before he saw the dismissal, the bitterness carved into her lips, the lips that used to be...

"The kids are going to Sunday School. I happen to believe it's the best thing for them and since I look after all their other needs I'm sending them." He marvelled at his fear, that he was displaced again, more and more, and didn't understand why he should be caught by the anxiety. He touched her shoulder, feeling the resistance to his fingers. But he held on, turned her face

to himself. "Anne, let's think this out, and let's talk it out."

She resisted. Looking at him all she could see was that bloody, infuriating calm. She wanted it finished, now. Before he started to get at her, undermine her. If he started to argue he would talk her into something, or at least show her up. He always did. She couldn't match his talking, his rationalizing. All she knew was what she felt. But any minute he'd attack that too, how she felt, like he had a hundred times. That people don't use their feelings when they want to decide something important, so

by
Ursula Lingies

something they can't agree on. They use their logic, their rationale, or any of these other words his university had taught him.

In the beginning he didn't have those words and everything was good. But after, after he'd changed, she couldn't get through to him any more. They weren't talking on the same level. At least she couldn't talk on his, it frightened her, the big change. But he, he could still talk to her the way it was before. Only he wouldn't, convinced himself the old ways were impossible.

"Anne, tell me what benefit the kids are going to get from Sunday School?" There it was! She wrenched free. Just as she'd known, he was on it now and wouldn't let it rest.

"O.K. You want an argument. Well, it isn't going to change anything, but if it'll make you feel better, I'll tell you. I don't know why I bother — what are you trying to do anyway with those questions? In the beginning you knew what the good in it was, the benefit. Not only for me but for yourself. And everybody. And that's not saying a hell of a lot for your convictions, is it? If you can change about your attitude towards the church and people and politics, the next thing is me, I suppose, and then the kids some day. And if you plan that, then why are you bothering anyway? I won't change, I can tell you that, 'cause I don't see how you can be one person one day and the next day a complete stranger... So why the hell don't you leave their upbringing to me, since..."

"Anne!" The fury pitched against his inners, he couldn't keep it out. "Will you answer my question? And stop attacking a million things you can't even substantiate..."

"Can't I?" She jeered him, hurt him, but for his fury. "I thought it was decided that your university and books and those people changed your ideas about things. About religion, about politics, so everybody is calling you a Communist..."

"Who says I'm a Communist? I'd really like to know." He was calm now, ready with all his forces.

"Oh come on! Don't pretend you don't know, all our friends, or who used to be our friends,

before you met your intellectual..."

"Who, Anne."

"Stop sounding like a bloody parrot! You know who. Ken and Betty for one thing, and even your own sister..."

"Mary was kidding, I think you remember. As for Ken and Betty, those idiots know no more about what a Communist is than our own kids..."

"I suppose you want to make them into Communists too," she jeered, almost beside herself now.

"No. I don't want to make our kids into Communists. I don't want to make them into anything, I..."

"Well, I happen to want to make them into something! For God's sake, how far do you want to go? How can you call yourself a parent? If you don't want to teach them..."

"You didn't let me finish! Will you hold on a minute and think what I said! The kids are going to grow up and decide themselves..."

"Even Communists?" she challenged.

"Even Communists, if..."

"That's what I thought! Well, let me tell you, they're not going to be Communists, I can tell you, or any of those other things your hare-brained beliefs are trying to push into them! I'm going to see to that!"

"How?"

"For one thing, they're going to Sunday School." She was triumphant now.

"And that's going to teach them?"

"That's going to teach them the right things, at least."

"Like?"

"Like not to be Communists, or sex maniacs, or..."

"Sex maniacs... that follows, does it?"

"I don't give a damn if it doesn't, if my logic doesn't meet with your approval. I meant the church is going to show them the right thing about love and marriage and about the way adults should behave towards each other!"

She smiled grimly, knowing he had caught the implication. She wanted to bring it in, but now she was a little afraid, lest he'd pick it up, make her hold to it, finish it up. She turned towards him: "You can't deny that, can you?" She was almost pleading, soft now. "Before you decided you have to change everything was good with us, wasn't it? We went to church and participated in all the activities and things were pretty good, weren't they? But as soon as you stopped going, denied it, called it down, then something happened." The tears filled her eyes, she was pleading. "To us, I mean..."

He was silent, though she was begging. His stillness saved her, brought her back. Coldly she turned around again, her shoulders walls and her safety. "So how's that for logic? After you denied your religion something happened to us. And to me that means religion was good for our marriage and that's what I'm trying to say. That's what I want to pass on to the kids."

He calculated. He knew he could destroy her sureness and knew he must, because she was

Psalm 00936720

by Alex Urquhart

We stretch the sun between us,
We merge the poles, the sun inside us,
We steal the sense in East and West.

We have heard the news-vendor's frayed threat
[in the square]
To split his last news with the bank-God,
The bank-clerk's shattering call:
Son take care
For every trap is baited with a snare.

We have heard the scream of stripping threads,
And the vapid clank of bolt on bolt
In the anatomical slot machine
Where each upstanding male at dawn
Denies his alibi.

We have heard an anthem of souls
Sing in harmony
The song of life
And we said:
There is harmony among the dead.

We have heard sinners
Sing about death.
There was terrible discord
And they sang:
Each must create his individual death.

So we choose life
And agree on death in the revolution.

wrong, so wrong and there would be other times and the questions would always remain unanswered, but in the meantime there would be no peace between them, for there was no understanding, but fears and mystery. He braced himself, bending towards her. "Anne, don't you see that's hiding? That's living in the dark, knowing there's danger nearby, but afraid to see what the danger is, identify it by turning on the light, then fight it? 'Cause we can't live knowing there is something threatening nearby without knowing what it is, or how threatening, or how important..."

She was decided. "If you mean religion is living in the dark and only by turning on the light, which I guess you mean is university or whatever made you change, we can see the trouble, then I don't want to turn on the light. I see what turning on the light has done for you! It's made you into a completely different person, someone I don't know and I don't like it. It makes me afraid..." And as she dumped the diced carrots into the strainer, screamed open the taps so the rushing water against the metal gushed her words into him like echoes, again and again, he knew it was over.

And knowing he had to do it, he said: "Anne, all the Sunday School in the world, it doesn't prevent change." He paused, hating himself, seeing her shrink. "You see, the kids might have happen to them what happened to me."

She struggled, trying to come to grips, not wanting to. The bastard! The Bastard! Christ, why, was there nothing left that he wouldn't do to win? The frustration, the frustration she had tried to keep from her, flung itself like wave after

wave over her, spilling on her, so she couldn't run. It was hot and she wanted to escape. The sweat that was her fear poured between them and she shook her head.

Finally, it went away and she said, stonily again, as if he hadn't seen, "All right. You win. As usual you won the argument. But the kids are going to Sunday School."

He felt a crazy man's laughter in his throat. Oh God! Weak now, he stepped around her, left the room and placed himself before the window.

Outside, the morning sun, like a dreary woman coping with dishrags, had folded in the fog. Unusual fog, at this time of day, he thought. In the alley, he observed the dirty grey rain water creeping along a small patch of white snow. Fascinated, he studied the progress of the vermin rivulets, eating away the white edges, corroding the still patch further and further. Now he saw a heavier column of water rushing on top of the lopsided square. Just before the white was wiped away, he remembered how as a boy he had observed the same thing and had rushed outside, stumbling over the steps, to pick up a stick and scratch a wide gash into snow already grey, leading from the rush of rain water. And with a small boy's excitement had thrilled at this success. The water was led into the gash, skirting around the white patch, and he had saved it. He remembered his elation, but forgot to recall that a few days later the white was gone anyway.

announcements

FRIDAY

Toronto Football trains arrive: tonight at 8:15, Central; 10:30 Windsor; tomorrow morning, 7, Windsor; say hello (heh heh).
Players' Club: Auditions for "The Flies", Clubroom, Union 7:30 pm.
West Indian Society: Welcome Back Dance in Union Ballroom 8:30 pm. The Trinidad Meltones Steel Orchestra.
Christian Fellowship: Prayer meeting at 1:30 pm; Monday at 8:30 am, 1005 Sherbrooke St. W, Room 6. Bowling Party at 8:30 pm. All Welcome.
Newman Club: First Friday Mass and supper, followed by speaker Romeo Maione, President World Assembly of Youth; topic "The Challenge of the University Student Today".
English Department: Auditions for "A Passage to India" and interviews for backstage personnel, Moyse Hall, 1 pm.
Ukrainian Club: Welcome Back meeting, Walter M. Stewart Room, 6-8 pm. Social to follow.
Film Society: Meeting for executive, Room 204, New Engineering Building, 7:30 pm.
SCM: Two plays, "Study in Color" and "Boy", 9 pm, the Yellow Door Coffee House.
Latin American Society: Weekly Tertulias (in Spanish), Room 101, New Engineering Building, 1-2 pm.

Radio McGill: Meeting at 1 pm in Studios for all interested in Production or publicity. Please attend.
Rifle & Pistol Club: Meeting to be held 7-10 pm at rifle range in the Gym.
WUSHBEE: 1:15-4 pm. Last day for buying books in Walter Stewart Room of Union.
Pre-Med Society: Important introductory meeting. 1-2 pm PSCA.

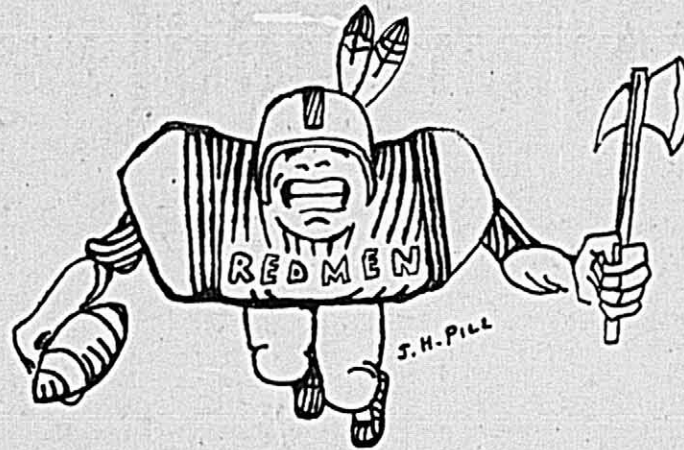
SATURDAY

Malaysian Students' Association: Get Together Party, Walter M. Stewart Room, 8 pm.
Redmen Band: Be dressed and at Bandroom by 1:30 pm.
Newman Club: Saturday, After the Game Social at Newman House.
McGill-Toronto Football Dance: Saturday 9 pm-1 am, with the Hounds. Beer, soft drinks at Bishop Mountain Hall. Tickets \$1 at door.

SUNDAY

Monteregian Geology Club: Field trip to Wakefield Township. Meet 7:30 am at Roddick Gates. Bring a lunch.
Newman Club: Lecture on "Quebec: Independence and Internationalism" at 8 pm. Speaker Pierre Bourgault, President of RIN.

IN THE PAST WE'VE BEEN IN THE HABIT OF LOSING THE OPENER...



BUT TOMORROW THE BLUES HAD BETTER WATCH THEIR SCALPS.

CHINESE ART EXHIBIT

The McGill Chinese Students' Society presents Professor Wong Lui-Sang at the Chinese Painting Exhibition and demonstration to be held today from 12 noon to 2 pm at the Union Club Room. Admission is free.

Wong, one of China's foremost artists, is noted for his paintings of landscapes, birds, flowers, and insects.

The late President Kennedy received one of his paintings at a ceremony three years ago.

Separatist leader at Newman House

Monsieur Pierre Bourgault, president of the Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale, will speak on "Québec, Independence and Internationalism" on Sunday, at Newman Center, 3484 Peel Street.

Due to his expected English-speaking audience, the Separatist leader will introduce in English the views and aims of his controversial organization.

Good season promised for track and field team

McGill's Track and Field team has a "new look" for the 1964 season. Although the team scarcely has a chance to get organized before the schedule comes abruptly to an end on October 24 at the Intercollegiate championships which are being held in London, Ont. this year, the new boys along with returnees from the previous year's squad should improve significantly upon the 1963 performance.

Rated highly among the newcomers are high-jumper Patrick Rahming and sprinter Patrick

Griffith both of whom should add points to the team's total. Bruce Randall and Raffy Mizablean if he can recover in time from a shoulder separation, are both potential finalists in the 120 yd. high hurdles.

Raymond Clarke and Walter Pruikma, benefitted from a good summer program while running for the M.R.F.A. Track and Field Club. Pruikma won the Quebec A.A.U. championship in the 400 metre dash this summer in the excellent time of 49.2 with Clarke being a close second in 49.7.

After the Intramural Meet to be held on Oct. 7, 8 and 9 from which the team will be chosen for the Intercollegiate meet, an encounter with the Sir George Williams' team is tentatively being scheduled.

Overall, the picture is much brighter and barring injury McGill should be much closer to the top in the point standings this fall.

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- sophomore (2nd year) class
- junior (3rd year) class

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- permanent class president
- vice president
- secretary
- treasurer

Nominations must be signed by twenty-five (25) students registered in Arts and Science.

Those elected serve on the executive of the ASUS and as committee chairmen. As well, they voice problems of their particular university years. The senior class executive runs the graduating cocktail party in conjunction with the graduation ball.

Nominations must be given to John in the Union Tuckshop by October 9.

The election will be held on October 13.

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Soccer season opens with two key tilts

Tonight at Collège Militaire Royal the soccer team will kick off its Ottawa St. Lawrence Intercollegiate Athletic Association schedule against a usually well-conditioned but seldom skilled C.M.R. team: Tomorrow morning the Redmen will host soccer powerhouse Toronto in the opening game of their Ontario-Quebec Athletic Association schedule.

Coach Searles has expressed a good deal of optimism about the club's chances both this weekend and throughout the schedule. As always, the team lost a number of very valuable men from last year's squad, but this year the club has picked up four or five solid players to take their places.

The coach feels that for the first time the Redmen have the depth to field two solid teams, one competing in the OQAA and one in the OSLIAA. By the end of Friday night's encounter with C.M.R., the coach will have had a look at all 22 of his starting players, and will be able to go with his strongest 11 in the key contest with Toronto.

At present, the seven returning players seem to be playing as well as ever. John Hardy is shaping up as a key to the offense, a strong playmaker with superior skill and anticipation. Se-

bastian Sizgoric has shown improvement over last year and should star at center forward of left wing. Leo Marin should

Up and coming sailing events

An Intercollegiate Sailing Meet will be held on the Lake-shore near Pointe Claire tomorrow and Sunday. Elimination races will decide the representation of the Ottawa-St. Lawrence Valley at the Canadian Intercollegiate Meet, which will be held during Thanksgiving weekend.

A total of twenty colleges will be competing for the national title. These include five from the Ottawa-St. Lawrence area, five from the Maritimes, five from Ontario, and five from the West.

give a steady performance at right wing, and Garth Elliott's shifty, accurate style of play should continue to spark the team.

Halfback Sandy Brown, could see action in a number of positions this season, since the team is so strong at half this year.

Les Clarke will be the key to the defense at left half. Don MacFarlane is returning in nets and seems to be shaping up as one of the better goalies in either league.

Among the newcomers, John Yousom, who captained the U.

B.C. soccer team last year, is making a strong bid for the right half spot. Another U.B.C. product, Harvey Barker, will see action at fullback along with Fritz Axelsen. Yarema (Jim) Kekebay from Loyola has proven very effective at center half, and should stick. They have a lot of work to do to knit into a solid defense, but they seem to have the makings.

There are two strong inside rights out this year in P.J. Collins and Greg Ludlow, both from England, and Andy Phillips is a

strong candidate for the left wing slot.

Other bright prospects include Jim Valerianos, Edwin Griffiths, and John Harper on defense; Pat Griffiths, Rosmas Georgopoulos and Peter Nwafor on the forward line and Ralph Doorenspleet in nets.

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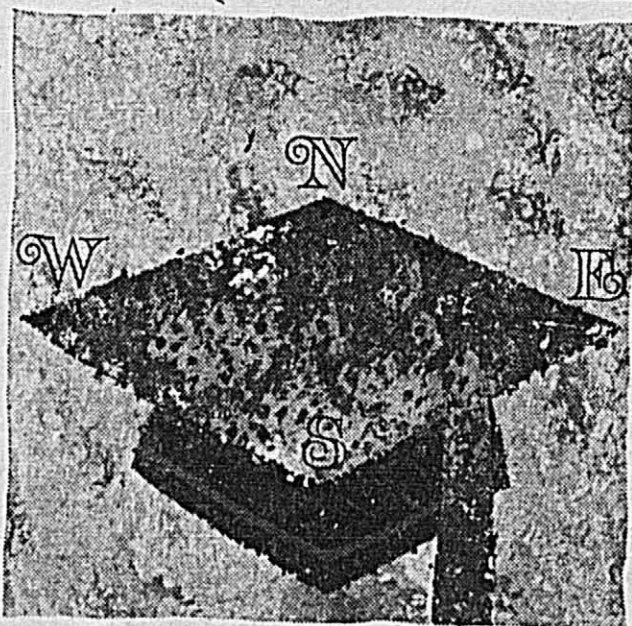
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MAJORETTES



You've read about them — now here they are in living black and white. Standing left to right are Judy Rawlings, Jackie Léger and Sandy Herron, and kneeling are Sheila Mills, Francis Dermer and Rhoda Rosenoff.

The coming of the football season, inevitably brings a swish of pleated skirts and a flash of twirling batons.

The McGill majorettes are a serious group of girls who, at the very beginning of September, start practicing in earnest for the many football games to come. They have an exacting schedule to follow, and their routines must be rhythmically as well as constant practice with the Red-men band and the patience to last through seemingly endless rehearsal sessions.

But the rewards of being a McGill majorette are plentiful. There is no greater thrill than performing in front of a huge stadium. The majorettes accompany the football team on all their out-of-town games. All their expenses are paid by the W.A.A., and each majorette receives an extra nine dollars to cover the cost of meals etc. Along with the away-from-home games, the ma-

jorettes inevitably get to know the football players well.

The McGill majorette corps is composed of nine carefully selected upperclass women. Each spring, a training period is held for interested co-eds. During these sessions, the trainees are taught how to twirl and shown the basic routines. At the try-outs, the girls are judged on precision, gracefulness, agility and personal appearance. It is quite

By SHARON SUTHERLAND
Women's Sports Editor

possible for someone who has never majorette before to be accepted. In fact, a number of the present members, such as Shelagh Mills, and Jacki Léger, never received previous training.

Sandra Herron, the captain of this year's majorettes, and originator of the majority of the choreography, spent two years with the Alouette majorettes before joining the McGill corps. The McGill majorettes, which were originally started by two Alouette twirlers who attended McGill, have been in existence for the past four years. Miss Caron is currently this director.

The big Ale in the big land-

Chalk Talk

Rugby, or rugger, as it is often called, is one of the older but least known sports played at McGill. On a world-wide scope, it is an extremely popular game, being played in France (unofficial world champions), South America and throughout the Commonwealth. Tours are often arranged with national teams, mostly amateur, taking part in a test series. Historic names, strange to the average North American, but banded across newspaper pages across the world, are the British Lions, Australian Wallabies, New Zealand All Blacks and South African Springboks.

It all started in the city of Rugby in England when a long forgotten but energetic young soccer player, tired of kicking the darn thing, picked it up and ran with it. Thus was born a new game eventually to be played on Autumn Saturday mornings on the McGill Lower Campus.

Since football originated from rugby, one of the best ways to describe the game and put it across would be to compare them. In rugger, the ball cannot be passed forward, there is no padding worn at all, and no substitution during the game, which carries on for two forty minute halves. Tackling is allowed, but no blocking, and scoring is by touchdowns (3 pts), conversions (2 pts) and field goals kicked during play or from penalty kicks (3 pts).

The team itself consists of fifteen men, divided into eight for-

wards, corresponding to linemen, and seven backs who run in a line rather than as separate units. The game is continuous, play being stopped only for penalties or when the ball goes out of bounds in which case the ball is thrown between two lines of forwards jumping for it.

Corresponding to a "play" is a rugger "scrum", the main differences being that the men "bind" together and push as a unit or "pack" and that neither team has definite possession of the ball. Rather the ball is put in the centre of the scrum and the central man in each front row hooks for it with his leg, on coming out of the scrum the ball may be passed down the line of backs, kicked, or even run with.

On comparison, rugger is therefore more fluid, but not so methodical as football.

TOMORROW'S LINEUP

CLYNE
GREY
RABNETT
DEJONG
RATZER

RITCHIE
BRADFORD
RICHARDSON
VITALE
HARRIS

MACLEAN
TAYLOR
EDWARDS
KISSLING
HARRISON

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Scribblemania

Bombarded unmercifully by queries from their horde of admirers, as to their prognosticating choice as Champions in the All-Scribe League for the 1964-65 campaign, the Amazing Duo, composed of the King of Predicamenters, Scribe 1, and his Queen of Crystal Balls, Sandy 1, now announce this long-awaited event.

Scribe's Choices

The Neo-Stirrites possess a fine backfield with Doleman at QB and Corber at the half. The Beatles are a pretty solid entry and should be bolstered by the acquisition of Trister from the extinct Turkeys. Gillman and Tannenbaum must come through in convincing style if the Mogols wish to advance in the All-Scribe Ten playoffs. For the Bankers, everything depends on the passing ability and speed of the Lug, Lutterman. Gerry has exceptional pass receivers with Payne at one end and the Dragster at the half.

The Polymorphs are a big, strong team, but once again, this entry centres around the play of Bennie Shore. Shore, one of the most underrated players in the League, and Bobo, another All-Scribe, must carry the burden if the Polym. desire to reach the semi-finals. The Engineers have a good offence but a poor defence. The Plumbers (the Untouchables) must count on Lavigne's repeat performance from last season. The Grunters have lost Corber,

Woods and Doleman, but have imported several new players, and could upset the favourites.

The Alphas like the Shysters must depend on the roll-out passing of Schreiber and the Rifle respectively. Both entries have good receivers — Friedman for the Alphas and McNeill for the Shys. And now the Grads. Everything revolves around the dazzling speed of Hutch. Playing at the tight end and defensive half, the Hutch is a threat continually. As for Law 1 (no. 11) they will be creamed this year — however, the Scribe's old nemesis, the partial originator of the moniker, Scribe, Talpis could thwart his master.

On the prognosticating front for Monday, the Dynamic Duo calls the Educators to dump the Hawks by 6 points; the Neos to cream the Talmudists by 14; while on Tuesday, watch for the Alphas to trounce the Mogols by 10 points, while in 2 toss-up tilts, the Scribe declares the Beatles (sentimental favourites — Yea!) to mash the Raiders and the Newcomers let by Dave Frankel should edge the Giants.

On the Frosh Front, the Argos shall win their encounter and their League. In response to the threat of the Scribe's, hordes of Frosh rushed down to the Gym on Friday to register for the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday Leagues. Absences have left several vacancies in the Wednesday and Thursday Leagues — we are still accepting Frosh as a result.

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